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The Joy of Childhood.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

CEASE not, O laughing child, thy play,
Unknowing care, seek not to learn;
Nor from thy sunny path all gay
In childhood, for a moment turn.

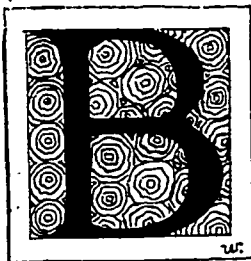
Thy life runs smooth as yonder stream;
Each hour more pleasant than before;
Drink in the present joys nor dream
Of what the future has in store.

The old would bid thee look ahead,
Dispel thy blithesome mood, prepare
For serious things, dark clouds o'erspread
Thy path; of windings deep beware!

But why make sad thy heart so free,
And thus disturb life's quiet flow?
Play on, play on, of misery
No need as yet for thee to know.

Pius X.

ERNEST A. DAVIS, '04.



UT a few months ago, one of the chief preoccupations of the world, Catholic and non-Catholic, was the health of the Holy Father, Leo XIII. Since then, and quite unexpectedly, the White-Shepherd of Christendom has been laid to rest. His work is done, and he has been called to gather the fruits of many years of faithful labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

The question that presents itself on every occasion of this kind runs thus: Is the world the better for his having lived? With one voice, all newspaperdom proclaims the affirmative. That Leo was a religious pope is proved

beyond doubt from his numerous encyclicals to his flock; that he was a diplomatic pope is proved from the statesmanlike and farsighted ability with which he handled the affairs foreign to those of the Church; but that Leo was a liberal pope, in the sense that he placed in the background the spiritual aims of the Church or its spiritual claims in favor of diplomacy, is absolutely false. Leo XIII. trusted only in the standards of his divine office—prayer and devotion. Whenever called upon to exercise his diplomatic ability, he never failed to show his faith and devotion. Everywhere and at all times he has reminded the faithful that they should lead good Christian lives, that they should be devoted to the Holy Rosary. The success of the Church against its enemies relies, in the end, upon these means. Not unlike those of his predecessors, Leo's pontificate must be divided into two phases: the direct aims which he achieved, and what his strenuous but unsuccessful efforts accomplished in elevating the moral power of the papacy and in gaining the greatest respect for it even among its enemies. No man's life has been wholly free from failures, but untiring efforts have often, as in Leo's case, done a great deal toward attaining the required ends.

Leo XIII. is dead, but his twenty-six years of steady and eminently successful labor will go down to history as the most remarkable, perhaps, of the nineteenth century. Surely, no other pope within the last hundred years, with the possible exception of Pius IX., has done more good for humanity than the late Leo XIII.

Scarcely had the echoes of the solemn requiems for the deceased Pontiff died away when lo! there appeared before the multitudes of Rome, clad in the robes of his supreme dignity, a new pope. Stretching forth his arms, Joseph Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, to be known in history as Pius X., gave to his widespread

flock his first papal benediction. Catching up the sound of the new Pontiff's trembling voice the bells of the eternal city reverberated it from hill to hill, from city to city, from continent to continent, until at last the glad tidings reached the ear of the most distant subject. A new Pope now reigns. Popes may die, but the papacy, guided by the Holy Spirit, will live on till the end of time. Naturally, Christendom is anxious to learn something of the present Pontiff. What manner of man is this that is elected to the throne of Peter?

Guiseppe Sarto was born at Riese in the Venetian province of Treviso on June 2, 1835. He was sent from the village school to Castel Franco, and then he passed to the seminary of Padua where he was graduated with high honors. He was ordained priest in the cathedral of Castel Franco, September 18, 1858, at the age of twenty-three years. His first appointment was as curate, and this position he occupied until thirty-one years when he was appointed parish priest at Salsano. Eight years went by, and the Bishop of Treviso, recognizing his ability, made him not only a canon of the cathedral and chancellor of the diocese, but the spiritual director of the college. These were distinctive of the sort of work in which he was to excel in later life. From these posts he passed to be dean of the chapter, and after being vicar-general was appointed suffragan by the new bishop. His eloquence, his piety, his energy, won for him great esteem, and in 1884 he was appointed Bishop of Mantua. He filled the position so well that after nine years, Pope Leo conferred upon him, in the consistory of June 12, 1893, the cardinal's hat and almost immediately created him Patriarch of Venice. This is a brief outline of the new Pope's life up to the time of his elevation to the pontificate.

Unlike his predecessor, Pius X. is not of aristocratic birth. Indeed, he is of the humblest origin. His parents were poor peasants. His older brother is a letter-carrier in a small town, with a salary of \$80 a year. Another brother is a tobacconist and pork-seller. One sister is married to a man who keeps a wine shop and another is a dressmaker. Still another married a peddler. Surely there could be no more humble origin. Notwithstanding this fact, ever since he entered the priesthood Pius X. has been a diligent student, a profound thinker and an eloquent preacher. Besides, wherever he has gone, he has won the respect and admiration of his people by his sympathy

and charity to the poor and his zeal for the advancement of the Church.

This man of the humblest origin now flashes before the world as *Pontifex maximus*, *sacerdos magnus*. He began as a good parish priest. His parish is now the world. The Patriarch of Venice was not an ambitious seeker after the chair of Peter. So little had he thought of being made the high-priest of christendom when he came to Rome for the conclave that when a noble guard expressed his wish that the patriarch should be elected, the answer was: "No; I have a return ticket to Venice." His name was not mentioned as a candidate by the press of Rome. He begged the Sacred College not to elect him, saying: "For the love of God do not impose this burden on me," and five days after he was solemnly crowned in St. Peter's. Much persuasion was needed from his colleagues to induce him to accept the tiara, and it was only when the votes were concentrated upon him that he accepted. He humbly submitted, and told the cardinals it was a cross and not a crown that they were forcing upon him. Seldom do we meet with such apostolic simplicity. Peter, the first Pope, was a poor fisherman of Galilee, and Pius is the son of a peasant from a little village whose existence was hardly known some months ago. The Catholic Church is spread over the whole world and claims submission from kings and princes, and yet to-day at the beginning of the twentieth century she chooses her head from among the poorest of her 230,000,000 children.

Pius X. never did anything very extraordinary, so far as one has opportunity to judge. His college days were not particularly brilliant, and even when a priest, a vicar-general or a bishop, he never became even a national figure. His greatest literary work was a book of etiquette for his humble parishioners. Yet, when that learned and august body of cardinals, composed of great theologians, diplomatists and litterateurs gathered in conclave, they selected this peasant's son for Christ's Vicar on earth. Faithful and untiring, he has concentrated his mind on his work. Who of us is unable to see the guidance of the Holy Spirit in this election? The cardinals chose Cardinal Sarto because they were guided by the hand of God. The patriarch was scarcely known outside his own archdiocese, and when it was whispered outside the Vatican that Cardinal Sarto had been chosen, everybody began to inquire who he

was and what he had done. The guiding spirit of the Church knew what he had done. Because he had been "faithful over a few things" he advanced step by step until he was placed at the head of christendom. A model parish priest; a bishop that was held up as a model for his brethren; a model patriarch, sharing his every cent with the poor and promoting every good work suggested by Pope Leo,—these are some characteristics that brought Cardinal Joseph Sarto the supreme rulership of the Church.

The new Pontiff was hailed with great acclamation by the faithful, and yet the proclamation of Sarto's election was a sentence of imprisonment and exile. Never again will he see Venice or his birthplace. His only source of enjoyment will be his walks and drives and his beautiful gardens. How lonesome must the noble Pecci have been for the beautiful Carpineto where he was born! He found pleasure only in writing Latin verses at midnight. Pius X. who is a musician rather than a litterateur will undoubtedly appease his sorrow by a few lonesome notes from his favorite instrument.

One of the most prominent characteristics of the new Pope is his charity. If there is anything in the prophecy concerning the successor of Leo XIII, the Christian charity of Pius is the *ignis ardens* of that prophecy. It was, indeed, a burning fire in Venice. His motto was: "Right separates, charity unites." In his case it was certainly true, for Cardinal Sarto had no enemies in the Venetian province. Even the Jews were friendly to him, and are now, since his election, making up a collection to send him an album. Only a day or two after his election did he give \$20,000 to the poor of Rome. Such acts go a long way toward smoothing the way for future action, but the Pope is sincere.

His independence is another characteristic of the new Pope. He rose simply by merit from humble birth to be Patriarch of Venice, and he never permitted honors or positions to keep him from deeds of charity and mercy among the poor; nor did he allow ambition to turn him from manly independence. He cringed to no one and still he has attained the highest position under the sun. His life has been devoted to his work—that of a simple priest. He knows little or nothing of courts and is no better acquainted with diplomacy. "He does not speak any language, not even his own, with ease. His Italian is

mixed with a Venetian patois; his German is as imperfect as his French; of English he knows nothing." With all this, Pope Pius X. is respected as one of the most learned of the college. His learning will, however, go less far toward his popularity than will his manly, genial and kind-hearted traits that are so characteristic of him.

The attitude of the new Pope toward important political questions remains to be seen, one of these is the problem of the Friars in the Philippines; another is the problem of the religious orders in France; but the most important of them is the ancient disagreement between Church and State in Italy that dates back from the loss of the temporal power. All disagree as to the way in which Pius X. will handle these great problems, but all agree that in this case, just as good and sound judgment will be exercised as in the case of his eminent predecessor.

One thing is sure; and that is that Pius X. will be a democratic Pope. He has always been a man of the people, and there is every reason to believe that he will continue so. To no other man on earth to-day do so many souls turn for comfort and consolation. He is the real, though unaccepted, head of all christendom. He blesses not only those of his flock, but also those that do not acknowledge his dignity.

How Taylor Got the Fish.

LOUIS F. FETHERSTON, '04.

Jack Taylor had never caught a fish in his life, but when Miss Reid, discussing the bill of fare for the following day, spoke of her fondness for this particular article of diet, and, with a glance of her eyes toward Jack, suggested that some of the young men go down to the river and catch a few, Jack lost his head completely, and made the assertion that he could get more fish in an hour than the party would eat in a day. His defiance was taken up, but for various reasons the party agreed to release him from his engagement providing he would supply enough fish for dinner on the following day. In fact, Jack's ability as an angler was questioned among the young men of the party, and several wagers were made as to whether or not the fish would be forthcoming.

The fish question didn't seem to trouble

Jack in the least. "Why," he said to himself, "that's the easiest thing in the world to do. I'll just go down to the village store and buy all I need. I didn't say how I'd get them."

On the following morning he was button-holed by nearly every member of the party who offered him suggestions in regard to bait, lines, reels, etc., but Jack waved them aside with contempt. He had fished a little himself, he said, and knew an easier way to get fish than any proposed.

In order to be certain of getting the fish he determined to take his dog and gun and stroll down to the fields to the village and there make arrangements for a supply. The morning was fine and the fields so abounded with larks that the shooting made him forget his mission, so much so that it was noon before he reached the village. He decided to breakfast at the little inn and get some instructions from the landlord. During the course of the meal he questioned the landlord in regard to the fish and was told that he could buy plenty. After finishing breakfast Jack started out to do the purchasing. He was surprised to see a trap coming up the street. A feminine voice cried out:

"Did you get them yet, Jack?"

"Oh no," was the answer, "I have four hours yet, and it will only take one of them, you know."

This was answered by a burst of laughter. As the trap drove away, Wilson called out from the rear seat:

"Dinner at Sherry's that you don't get them?"

"Done," said Jack promptly and proceeded on his way toward the store. He was greatly chagrined, however, when the proprietor informed him that the party in the trap had bought his entire supply of fish. He hastened back to the inn with the hope that the landlord might be able to supply him, but was again disappointed. The landlord, however, looked to be something of an angler and Jack decided to try and enlist his sympathy.

"Landlord," he said, "I'm one of the guests up at the summer-house and I undertook to supply the party with enough fish for a meal. I can't buy any and I'm equally certain that I can't catch any. I've made several wagers that I would bring the fish. I wouldn't mind losing the wagers, you know, but I'd never hear the end of it if I went back without the fish. Couldn't you help me out?"

"Well, I dunno," said the landlord thought-

fully. "Funny you couldn't buy any. Jones had some for sale this morning."

"Yes," answered Jack, "but some of the party came down and bought them out. I'd let the thing go, but one of my lady friends asked for the fish and I'd hate to disappoint her."

"Oh, I see," said the landlord. "A woman in the case, eh?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and it was the other fellow that did the buying."

The landlord laughed, and said:

"You've picked on a pretty bad day for fishing, but perhaps we can make it. You say this is a rush order?"

"Yes," replied Jack, "the sooner the better."

"Well," said the landlord, "there's only one way to do it. We'll try a little dynamite. It's agin the law, but all's fair in love and war, eh?" and he started for the store.

This was new to Jack. He waited until the landlord returned and the two started for the river, the landlord giving instructions as to how the dynamite would work. For the first time he noticed the dog.

"Well, purty nice dog you've got there." Any good for rabbits?"

"No," answered Jack. "He's a retriever. Brings in anything."

"Is that so?" said the landlord. "Let's see him get something."

"All right," replied Jack, and taking his cap he threw it out. The dog immediately bounded forward and brought it to his master.

"Good!" said the landlord. "Wouldn't mind having him. Will he bring anything?"

"Anything I throw out and he can carry," answered Jack.

By this time they had reached the river, and after some delay the landlord chose a bend in the stream as the best place to make the attempt. A tree had fallen into the river and the driftwood had collected around the branches.

"Ought to get some purty good ones out of there," said he adjusting the fuse to the piece of dynamite.

"I hope so," said Jack. "Better let me throw it in. I am supposed to get the fish, you know."

"All right," said the landlord, "but go easy," and lighting the fuse handed the dynamite to Jack who threw it into the stream. No sooner had it left his hand, however, than the dog rushed down the embankment, plunged into the river and swam towards the dynamite.

In vain Jack whistled and called. The dog nosed around among the driftwood, seized what he was after and started for the shore.

"Why," said the landlord, "he's got the dynamite. We'd better get out of here."

"Yes," answered Jack, "but he'll follow me. Goodbye," and he started to run.

The dog soon reached the shore and, of course, started after his master. The landlord who had stepped behind a tree burst into a laugh and called to Jack who only ran the faster. But the ground was unfitted for fast time and the dog soon overcame his handicap. Jack stumbled over a vine and fell. He covered his head expecting every minute to be his last. Suddenly there was a muffled explosion. Jack glanced hastily up and saw the dog standing near by with a piece of wood in his mouth. He walked slowly back to the river.

"What did you run for?" asked the landlord.

Jack glanced at the river and saw the number of dead fish floating on the water.

"Oh, just to get up an appetite," he replied.

No time was lost in bringing the fish to the hotel, and Jack departed in high spirits. The party at the summer-house were anxiously awaiting his arrival. He walked gravely in and deposited the string of fish in their midst much to the astonishment of certain members of the party.

"How did you get them?" asked one. "You certainly did make quick time."

"Yes," answered Jack absent-mindedly, "but I almost lost my dog—tell you about it some time—and I've made up my mind never to fish again."

An Unfinished Portrait.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.

Amid the smoke, the bustle and commerce of down-town Chicago there grew up a little boy, Jean Rigaud, whose disposition was entirely out of harmony with his surroundings. He was a flower snatched boldly from the land of sunshine and day-dreams, transplanted into the desert of everyday life and there expected to thrive. His father and mother had left the Midi of France and landed in the great city of the West where they managed to make a scanty living by conducting a bakery whose earnings were sufficient for their own modest needs, the education of their children and for entertaining a slight hope of spending their declining years in the land of

their fathers. But as time went on, as their business increased, and the little shop's dimensions grew and its ugly wood-work gave place to fantastic decorations; in short, when Monsieur Rigaud had become quite Americanized; when his bakery had become a mecca for high-class trade, and he was enjoying a home in a pleasant part of the city, then the memories of France were slowly but surely fading. Nor did his good fortune cease here, but with the sagacity that has characterized many a self-made rich man he had accumulated handsomely paying interests that gave him a comfortable financial prestige.

With the exception of Jean, the children, Marcel, Genevieve and Jacques, grew up types of American youth, playing American games and as proficient as the next child in American slang; but he reflected the life of the country that had gone to make up his very substance. It might seem that he was a type of the dull, inactive child, but far from it. He exhibited every trait of healthy boyhood except Americanism, for the lack of which we cannot blame him. In school he was remarkably bright, having a bent toward drawing events historical or of fiction at the expense of hard, dry mathematics. Such a disposition, his father thought, was eminently suitable for an artistic career which his father chose for him while this boy was yet of a tender age. After attending the city art school and winning the coveted scholarship, he sailed for France imbued with high hope.

From the moment he entered the famous Julian Academy a magic hand seemed to guide his brush. Paul Laurens on examining his work often remarked: "You have the temperament and talent, my boy; if you but work hard America will one day be proud of you."

These words from such a great man could not help but arouse to the fulfilment at some future day of the highest artistic ambitions. For four years art was foremost in his mind, at the end of which time, after winning the *prix d'honneur* at the Paris Salon he returned with his cherished works to his friends in Chicago. Before his arrival the city had boasted through the columns of its newspapers of its product to the world of art, announcing that his best things would be hung in the Art Loan. "Rigaud" had become the password into circles that pretended to be artistic; critics earnestly lauded his work; persons of wealth daily wrote and called on him to paint

their portraits until he decided to establish a studio for the coming winter in Chicago. Jean was no longer a boy. His twenty-four years had brought forth a man of a well-developed mind whose strength was clearly portrayed in every line of his face.

II.

John Holt, the wealthy, retired manufacturer, for reasons nobody could explain had been vainly endeavoring to become a connoisseur of art. From each trip abroad he returned with some costly treasures which he arranged in most absurd position, on his rich walls. How proudly would he escort a poor but appreciative caller from one picture to another dwelling at length on some exquisite stroke of the brush which, he had been told, helped to make the picture a gem.

Elizabeth, his daughter, was now a rich type of girlish beauty, and the fact was no more obvious to any one than her father. "How pleasant," the old man thought, "a portrait of Bessie would look over the fireplace of my den."

His daughter of course, like most favored young ladies, was not ignorant of her beauty, nor unmindful that it would one day fade, when with the dignity of a mother she could proudly point to the portrait as an earnest of the truth of whatever romance might happen to fall from her lips to the ear of an attentive daughter.

Rigaud had just finished a study and stood gazing out of his high window. His eye was attracted by a handsome carriage stopping at the entrance of the building. This must be Mr. and Miss Holt, he thought.

In a moment the bell rang after which Rigaud greeted his callers. Soon the old man had begun to exhaust his knowledge of art, finally coming to the real object of his visit. In a short time arrangements were made for Miss Holt to call every morning beginning with the following Monday.

According to the engagement Rigaud began work. At first he found his subject merely a beautiful girl of dark hair and eyes, an olive complexion and clear-cut features, but from day to day it dawned on him that they were but manifestations of a remarkable inner nature. The sound of her voice, a mere glance from her eyes, or even the motionless posture she kept for minutes at a time had a peculiar effect upon him. He could no longer see a line here, a shading there, for a light from

within seemed to transcend these. At last he said calmly:

"It is impossible for me to go further."

"Why not?" was the surprised answer.

Rigaud could find no words to utter.

"You must be thinking too hard of some one," she remarked, lightly.

"I am indeed thinking of the only girl on earth."

"O tell me what she looks like," she rejoined innocently.

"There is no need of words," was the quiet reply.

"Well paint a little picture of her then."

"I have tried to and failed. Look at the canvas."

Their eyes met in one long stare.

"Jean," she said, "I think less of you now."

"Why, it isn't my fault but yours—I can't help it."

"Chicago must have lowered your tastes," she continued laughing.

"No," he replied earnestly, "I had but to return to Chicago to have you satisfy them."

The picture was never finished and shortly afterward Rigaud sailed again for France determined to forget the past. Elizabeth Holt, if she had any love for Jean, left the studio that morning without showing the least manifestation of it.

III.

A heavy mist had hung over Paris all day and as evening descended it brought with it a gloom to Rigaud which he could not dispel. For five months he had tried to forget the face he could not paint, but even now as he peered out of his window through the obscurity those eyes seemed to behold him and a voice seemed to say, "I think less of you now."

If she had said: "Jean I love you for it," he thought, "then she would be with me now in Paris; I should be indeed happy."

That evening he strolled over to the Café Rouge hoping the interesting audience, a *grog American* and the music of the orchestra might enable him to forget for a time the girl from whom he was separated by the insurmountable barriers of society. As the strain of Wagner's Evening Star struck his ear, those eyes came up before him, that voice—thousands of miles away—took up the melody and sang softly to him with wonderful pathos. Was he dreaming? No, the voice was real. He looked behind him; "Elizabeth!" he cried.

Varsity Verse.

THE SONGBIRD'S FLIGHT.

Lonesome and weary, alone in his flight,
Barely evading the clutches of night,
Fleeing the clime of the sifting snow,
Questing a land where the bluebells blow
Winged the songster on.
Closely the ravenous Autumn blast
Followed the feathery fugitive fast;
Clasped him up tightly in icy embrace,
Folded him down where the withered leaves chase
Traces of days that are gone.

G. J. McN.

THE EVERGREEN.

In days of fall, a mighty pall
Is dropped upon the earth;
The time is drear, the growth is sear,
The land is filled with dearth.

The buds are nipped, the trees are stripped,
No verdure then is seen,
Save in the hedge along the ledge,
Where lives the evergreen.

J. P. I.

THE WEED.

Sweet and mild, sweet and mild,
Plant of the Western Inds;
Mild, mild and undefiled,
Plant of the Western Inds.

Under the dreaming box-lid, child,
Fetch me a bit of weed so mild,
Brought from o'er the seas;
While your father dear, while your papa dear reads.

E. A. D.

NOT ALWAYS.

While deep in study with no thought of crime,
Solving a problem, trying to turn a rime,
One hears a neighbor in the flat above,
Singing a ballad to his lady-love,
And to the warbling strums a cheap guitar,
Whose tones disturb and set one's nerves ajar,
I ask the poet, not at all in jest,
Hath music charms to soothe the savage breast?

L. F.

FORBIDDEN GROUND

Two little boys went out in a boat,
Down on the river St. Joe,
They had no oars, so they started to float,
But the treacherous current upset their boat;
They were drowned in the river St. Joe.

And big boys too had better beware,
When they wander too near the St. Joe,
Its enticing beauty has many a snare
To bring them to grief like the other pair
That went out on the river St. Joe.

W. M. D.

A BIRD OF A HORSE.

A fossilized foggy Prof—
Was the proud and much-envied poss—
Of a parrot unique
That spoke Latin and Grique;
If that wasn't a frique, I'm no g—

W. N. H.

The Dignity of the Law.

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.

"Don't give a rap, dad! It's got to be did and the sooner the better. I'll be back some time nigh on ten with or without my breathin' gear in operation. Dashed ef they's goin' ter say the same of me as they did when Jim Hardy let his faction carry on. Don't give a rap, dad, ef my own brother is in it. I'm the sheriff, and I'll shoot too ef I has to. I'm goin' to the still for them, an' somebody's comin' back."

The first time since he had been elected, Tom McCourt's faction was causing trouble in the village. In a drunken spree three nights back, his brother Jim had led the Rileys and Watsons on a rampage, and the whole bunch were now secure in the mountains.

Not more than two stars could be seen through the heavy clouds as Tom turned from the beetling cliffs that edged the horse-path to the crags leading to the "still." The Rileys—two of them were in the lock-up—had skipped out, but the three Watsons felt as safe in the stronghold as Tom had when he hid for three months after killing Jeff Brown and Jim Tracy.

"You fellers!" was simultaneous with the flicker reflected from the arc described just inside the secret entrance by his revolvers. "The whole darn bunch of you—" The blood trickled down Pete Watson's arm to the revolver that had dropped to the floor. "Don't none of you try Pete's trick, er I'll drop you. Come hyahr Jim, I want you. Put these irons on the rest of them while I keep the open end of the weepen away from me. Don't argy, none of you—we're all goin' down to the lock-up. I'm the sheriff and I'm goin' to carry out the law."

It was hard to tell who was the more surprised, jailer or people, when Tom marched the four behind the bars next morning and demanded the receipt. For the first time in the history of the mountains a sheriff had arrested members of his own faction, and the demand that his brother be put under special guard, led all to believe that before night Tom's spirit would be wandering in a strange land.

A storm came down the mountain side a few minutes in advance of the ten o'clock stage, but it took more than rain to keep the

members of the McCourt faction from assailing that little pile of bricks and steel that held one of their leaders. Tom was nowhere to be found, for during those two hours that the attacks were raging unsuccessfully at the jail, old "Dad" McCourt and Tad, his son, were searching for the disloyal member of their family. Old Dad, however, never touched the key he had placed deep in his boot that morning. Night came and those outside the jail were still outside. By no means whatever could they enter it. It had protected "niggers" from mobs in years gone by, and would never give way to the efforts of a clan to reclaim their own.

"Come out of hyar, Jim!—you too, Wats! Hurry up and start for the still." It was only a whisper, yet Jim recognized his brother Tom's voice. In the dim light it was Tom's figure too. The broad shoulders and deep chest, the sinewy neck and long legs; but Tom had never before worn a mask.

"What the"—started Jim.

"Don't open your mouths. Git! I'm the sheriff hyar, an' ef you wake them fellers in the hall I'll 'rest you. The dignity of the laws got ter be presarved ef we'd hold our own. Pete, you git Doc Turner ter fix up that band, and don't you try any more tricks on this hyar sheriff. Every time you fellers gits bad you're commin' hyar, but after I git your receipt you're—Hurry up and git out 'fore some of them darn government dudes comes around ter get in the way of bullets."

After that Tom's word was law. One man was as good as another, provided that other was white. Elected again and again he filled the jail, and none but his own faction ever escaped.

"But then that Jim McCourt and old Dad McCourt were slick ones anyway."

There was little illicit went down the mountain during his time; that is, little that wasn't made at the McCourt "Three Stars."

Lycidas.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

Even in literature there are certain instances which call to mind the old proverb that "from every evil some good results." In 1637 all Cambridge was shocked by the news that Edward King, a young and promising poet, had been drowned while crossing the Irish

Channel. King had taken his degree at Cambridge but a few years before and much was expected from him on account of his brilliant work while at the university. To show their sorrow for their classmate's death and to manifest their appreciation of his ability which had been so untimely destroyed, King's friends each wrote some verses which were collected and published in a small memorial volume. One of the poems contributed for this object was far superior to the rest and its merit as a poem soon eclipsed the purpose for which it had been written. People did not read this poem because of Edward King but for its own worth; while King was given only a passing thought and in all probability would not have received even that attention, were he not the person in whose memory Milton had written *Lycidas*. We can easily see the application of the proverb since a most unhappy accident, the drowning of King, furnished the inspiration for the best pastoral poem in English literature.

This poem, *Lycidas*, was written by Milton during the first period of his life, while at Horton. His last production had been the masque of *Comus*, published three years previous, and it had then been his intention to undertake no further literary work till his youthful ability had been strengthened by the experience and better judgment of maturity. In the very first lines of the *Lycidas* Milton informs the reader of this intention and explains that only necessity prevented him from carrying it out. He prefaces the poem with a short apology to the Muse for the unintended intrusion and excuses himself in these words:

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your reason due.

After the usual invocation, or prayer of propitiation to the Muses, Milton turns to his main theme. He recalls his college days and mentions especially the early morning walks which he and King had taken together, "ere the high lawns appeared under the opening eyelids of the morn" and their early attempts at poetry which "Old Damoetas loved to hear." But these sweet memories are now past "for Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime." All nature laments the unhappy fate of its favorite shepherd:

the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding rime o'ergrown
And all their echoes mourn.

After upbraiding the nymphs for permitting Lycidas to perish Milton moralizes on fame,

"that lost infirmity of noble minds," and declares that the world is not the measure of our reward but

all-judging Jove
As he pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

A few lines later Milton's puritanical spirit reveals itself when he sternly condemns the corruption of the clergy and in a severe strain put in the mouth of St. Peter, declares that

That two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more.

After again calling on Nature to mourn her irreparable loss and bidding the vales

Hither cast their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues
To strew the laureat hearse where *Lycid* lies.

Milton brings this remarkable poem to a close.

Lycidas was Milton's last appearance in English verse before the civil war. He never again wrote in the pastoral strain but like "the uncouth swain" betook himself "to fresh woods and pastures new" where thirty years later he sang in a far more lofty and magnificent theme, to "justify the ways of God to men."

Brown's Million.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

Mr. Hamilton Brown was extremely amazed when he overheard (quite accidentally) a conversation between his married sister and another woman which conveyed to him the fact that two very charming girls were in love with him. Of course he was flattered by this knowledge, but since he was young and still attending college, it gave him also an uncomfortable feeling which he could not explain. The girls were all that could be desired. Amelia Gregor was a beautiful blonde, rich, highly connected and possessed of a warm, sympathetic nature which made her sought by half the young men of the community. Grace Gordon was a brunette, equally beautiful and rich; moreover, she had a certain maidenly reserve that made the other half of the young men her bondsmen.

Young Brown might well be perplexed when two such paragons adored him. In the remaining month of his vacation he felt sure from the demeanor of the young ladies themselves that his sister had not been mistaken, but he cared not for any girl particularly, and decidedly not for either Miss Gordon or Miss Gregor. Indeed he was rather bored than

otherwise when, after his return to college, both persisted in writing to him frequently. Only his desire not to be rude kept him from breaking off the correspondence. He intimated his wishes mildly in his letters and by long delays in answering, but the little god's arrow had so blunted the finer sensibilities of the young women that nothing but a flat request not to write could affect them.

One day Brown received a telegram from a lawyer stating that his eccentric granduncle had recently died, leaving him a million dollars provided he would be married within two weeks. The young fellow soon found out that there were plenty of girls willing to have the million and him with it (since that was necessary), but he failed to meet the most desired one. He fell to comparing the girls with Miss Gregor or Miss Gordon, and he always discovered some new quality in either of them which all the others lacked. He could not come to a decision; so he delayed taking any definite steps toward bringing about the marriage.

The thirteenth day he received a warning letter from the lawyer. Then he determined that the girl must be either Miss Gregor or Miss Gordon. But when he tried to choose between them he encountered another barrier. After long and hard deliberation, his only conclusion was that he was hopelessly in love with both girls. Finally he tossed up a coin, and sent a note of proposal to Miss Gordon begging an immediate answer. Just then from his window he saw Miss Gregor passing, and following a wild impulse dashed down the stairs intending to overtake her. She had disappeared before he opened the door, so he was spared this folly. He nevertheless plunged at once into a greater one by writing her a letter of proposal. Then he began another note to Miss Gordon explaining that his previous communication was all a wretched mistake, but before it was half completed he destroyed it. He could not give up either one; and as he knew he could not have both he was in a hopeless dilemma.

At the appearance of the next morning's mail, he groaned aloud. He looked eagerly for the well-known stationery, but it was not there. Relieved for the moment he proceeded to open the mail more leisurely. There were two bulky envelopes which, in his haste, he had passed over. They looked just alike, and to Brown equally unimportant; so he opened them both and spread them out carelessly before reading the contents of either. He gasped when he read the announcement of Miss Grace Gordon's marriage; then intelligence of Miss Gregor's marriage crushed him to earth. Mechanically he wrote a telegram to his lawyer: "Can not fulfil condition of will. Withdraw my claim." Whereat the legal light laughed and called Brown a fool.

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—October 13, Founder's Day, was appropriately observed last Tuesday. Solemn High Mass, attended by the students, was celebrated in the morning, and the customary athletic exercises marked the afternoon's programme. In the church calendar the day is known as the feast of St. Edward, the patron of the Very Reverend Edward Sorin, founder of Notre Dame, and because of this association it is an annual holiday with us and an occasion of particular interest to all connected with the University. It serves as a day of reckoning on which the activities of the past are reviewed and the work of the future canvassed. The retrospect and prospect are alike inspiring. Little more than fifty years ago Notre Dame was not; to-day a splendid pile of well-equipped buildings, the most numerous attended Catholic college in America, marks the spot where the devoted band, led by Father Sorin, pitched their tent among the Indians. What a growth, indeed, and how much to be thankful for. The heroic struggles of Father Sorin and his associates we can not conceive, but we must naturally conclude that God blessed their labors and those of their successors. Proud of the past and hopeful for the future, let us be grateful for what these men living and dead have done to make the present Notre Dame possible. A shaftless mound yonder, contains the dust of the man who was instrumental in rearing this shrine so celebrated amongst America's educational institutions, but more enduring than graven monuments of stone and brass is his life-work and the heritage he has bequeathed.

Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., Poet-Priest.

The subject of the following sketch taken from the *New Freeman*, is the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., a priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross. Father O'Neill is a frequent contributor to the *Ave Maria* and other Catholic magazines and was sometime a member of the Faculty of Notre Dame. He is now professor in St. Joseph's College, New Brunswick.

Arthur Barry O'Neill was born at St. George Charlotte County, N. B., Sept. 1, 1858. Beginning at an early age he attended the school at St. George until 1872. That year he entered St. Joseph's College. He made there a brilliant course of studies, winning the honor premium several years in succession, was Prefect of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, always considered a great honor, and in 1877 he was graduated with honors.

Father O'Neill, after deciding upon his future course in life, entered the novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Côte des Neiges, near Montreal. At the conclusion of his novitiate, a year later, he returned to New Brunswick and was appointed to a professorship in St. Joseph's College.

Father O'Neill was ordained in 1882, and was during the year appointed Prefect of Studies in St. Joseph's, a position which he filled for six years. It was mainly through his exertions while Prefect that the college availed itself of the powers granted to it by the New Brunswick legislature, and began the conferring of the regular degrees in the Arts Course.

After two years spent in colleges of his Congregation in the Province of Quebec, Father O'Neill went to Notre Dame, Indiana, in 1890, where for the two following years he acted as professor of rhetoric in the Notre Dame University. He was during this time also associate-editor of the *Ave Maria*, to which magazine he is still an editorial contributor.

In the autumn of 1892 he returned to New Brunswick to St. Joseph's College, and at the present time occupies the position of Director of English studies, and is also professor of English Literature and Mathematics. Among the honors bestowed on him by various institutions of learning are those of Bachelor of Arts from Laval, and Master of Arts from Notre Dame University.



REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C., M. A.

Father O'Neill has been a contributor, in prose and verse, to the *Ave Maria*, the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, the *Catholic World*, the *Rosary*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, and other Catholic periodicals.

As an orator he has quite a reputation, and his lecture on Boyle O'Reilly has been much admired. In speaking of O'Reilly as a poet, he pays the following eloquent tribute to those favored with the gift of song:

"... But O'Reilly was something more than journalist, orator or novelist, something over and above all these. He was a poet, and this is the highest expression of his greatness; for, apart from the supreme dignity possible to man—that sacred office wherein as anointed priest he acts as the vicegerent of the Redeemer Himself—God calls no man to a higher vocation than him whose soul he endows with the gift of song. What is a poet? He is one to whom have been granted a clearer insight into the true, a more delicate perception of the beautiful, and a fuller appreciation of the good than are possessed by other men, and who has withal the faculty of adequately expressing what he sees, and feels, and knows.... The poet's mission is to raise mankind above the base and sordid world of sense, to attune men's souls to the harmonies of nature, to enamor men's hearts of all that is noble and sweet in human life and conduct—in a word, to entice his fellowmen from the real to the ideal, and so draw them nearer to Him who is pre-eminently beautiful and good and true, the Uncreated Creator."

Henry Coyle, in a recent sketch of our subject in the *Bouquet*, says:

"Many of Father O'Neill's poems are felicitous, and they linger long in the mind; but his best work is shown in his sonnets, which are always chaste and sweet. His tributes to our Blessed Lady have been reprinted far and wide. His work is at once pleasing and instructive, often combining wit and fancy with the purest strains of morality

and religion. Every word shows the careful observer, the moralist and the true philosopher, and all he has written bears the seal of purity, virtue and inspiring fervor.

"In the following sonnet we see the Christ-like, genial, kindly spirit of the man; it expresses the charity that ever fills his heart for weak and sinful humanity:

JUDGE NOT.

Be not alert to sound the cry of shame
Shouldst thou behold a brother falling low.
His battle's ebb thou seest; but its flow—
The brave repulse that heroes' praise might claim
Of banded foes who fierce against him came,
His prowess long sustained, his yielding slow—
Till this thou knowest, as thou canst not know,
Haste not to brand with obloquy his fame.

"Judge not," hath said the Sovereign Judge of all,
Whose eye alone not purblind is nor dim.
Perchance a swifter than thy brother's fall
Hadst thou received from those who vanquished
him;
He coped, it may be, with unequal odds,—
Be thine to pity; but to judge him, God's.

"The poems which follow are good examples of his simple, natural style: there is no straining after effect, no mysticism, no sacrificing sense to sound:

THE ROSE GARDEN.

In olden days as German legends tell,
Upon the castled banks of storied Rhine
There bloomed a garden fair, a floral shrine
Wherein the Princess Criemhilde loved to dwell;
All knights avowed her beauty's potent spell,
And rapture thrilled his pulse like bodied wine
The victor round whose brows her hands would
twine

A rose-wreath—token that he jousting well.

A fairer garden blooms for us to-day,
A fairer Queen of Beauty dwelleth there;
And oft as we our pleading *Aves* say,
Those mystic roses form a wreath of prayer,—
A love-twined wreath we humbly offer thee,
Sweet Lady of the Holy Rosary.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Silver moonbeams gently stealing
Through our cottage-pane to-night
On a group of children kneeling
Throw their soft and mellow light.
Lonely all, no word is spoken,
Grief is stamped on every brow;
Let the silence be unbroken—
Mother's chair is vacant now.

Oft in joy we thronged around it,
Oft, when sad with childish care,
Sought relief and ever found it
In the dear one seated there.
On that throne each night we kissed her,
Gave her there our morning bow—
But to-night how we have missed her!—
Mother's chair is vacant now.

Yet, though mother's gone forever,
 Still her gentle spirit's near:
 Ah, her kindly voice can never
 Cease resounding in my ear.
 And that seat, my glances meeting,
 I shall see her placid brow,
 And shall hear her loving greeting,
 Though her chair be vacant now.

A few years ago, Father O'Neill published his book of poems "Between Whiles." It attracted the attention of literary men on both sides of the water, and was reviewed by many of the most eminent of them. Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D., wrote of the book:

"The worst thing about 'Between Whiles,' by the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., (D. H. McBride & Co.) is the motto, which is a very free translation of Thomas à Kempis' 'Nunquam sis ex toto otiosus; sed aut legens aut scribens.' Father O'Neill makes it:

'Be never wholly idle,
 Than which there's nothing worse;
 But read some goodly volume,
 Or even—scribble verse.'

"If a poet does not take himself seriously, nobody will. If true poetry is not one of the highest things on earth, then everybody we respect has been lying to us from the moment we could speak. If Father O'Neill looks on his printed verses as the work of an idle scribbler, he commits an impertinence in publishing them. Is it mock modesty that made him perpetrate his bit of doggerel? Or that frequent scruple, met with too often among gentleman educated in seminaries, that they suffer in their dignity when they write English,—and especially English verse?

"When one opens 'Between Whiles,' one forgets the flippant motto, which, even in the Latin, is a poor one for a poet, but a good one for a monk. Father O'Neill's purpose is evidently serious, and he has the lyric gift.

Let us listen to his version of the 'Stabat Mater':—

'Stood the Mother sweet and holy,
 Joyous by the manger lowly
 Where she loving vigil kept;
 O'er her soul, its measure filling
 With a glad, ecstatic thrilling,
 Floods of purest rapture swept.'

"Father O'Neill's paraphrase has qualities not found in the other versions. His pleasure in recurrent rhymes is an advantage here, and his management of the musical pauses prevents these sound repetitions from spoiling the dignity of the hymn, which, even in Latin, would be more solemn without the rhymes.

Father O'Neill is a deeply religious poet; and when he touches upon the emotions of our life, or the ways of our life, there is underneath his thought always the murmur of the sea of eternity. In 'Will You Be My Friend?' his delight in melody and his fervor are fitly wedded. He makes a hundred musical variations on the theme:

'Shall I be your friend? Will my soul respond with
 an echo clear and true
 To the varying tones, be they glees or moans, that
 shall thrill thy being through?
 When the cloud-banks rise and obscure thy skies, will
 their shadows darken mine?
 Will the golden beams of sunlight gild my life while
 tingeing thine?
 When the arrows fierce of affliction pierce thy heart
 e'en unto bleeding,
 Shall I feel for thee true sympathy, and in thy cause
 be pleading?

'Shall I be your friend? Will your name be one that
 shall ever come unbid
 When I bow before the white-veiled door of the cell
 where my Lord lies hid?
 At the birth of each day when I kneel to pray to
 the holy Three in One,
 Shall I ask for thee that the night may see thy duty
 nobly done?
 At the altar, too, shall I think of you in supplication
 fervent?
 Shall I there implore of God's grace still more for my
 friend and his meek servant?

"A Friend the Less,' simple, earnest, sweet, is from every point of view, the best poem in 'Between Whiles.' Father O'Neill's sonnets are unequal. One of the noblest is 'Ave Maria,' the sextette of which has the lovely line:

'O starlike word, whose beauty pure, serene'—

"In it he follows his habit of writing a couplet at the close, which is not the habit of Petrarch, and which forces Father O'Neill, in one fine sonnet, to rhyme 'sufficed' with 'Christ.'

'Hast given all to God? It hath sufficed;
 Thy heart a temple is, wherein dwells Christ.

"Life's Struggles' is forceful and full of that poetic fervor which Father O'Neill never lacks, even when he stoops to pick up a rhyme because it happened to lie in his way. 'Between Whiles' is worth its place among books of sweetness and consolation. It is of the spirit pure, of the heart purified."

Father O'Neill has been honored with a place in a series of United States' Catholic school readers—McBride's Art and Literature Books. His portrait and a short biographical sketch appears in No. 7 of the series, with some selections from "Between Whiles." That his fame is not confined to the New World will

be seen by the following from the Moncton *Transcript*:

"Orby Shipley, M. A., of London, England, has brought out the Second Series of 'Carmina Mariana,' an anthology of English verse in honor of, or in relation to, the Blessed Virgin Mary. The volume is a very handsome octavo of more than six hundred pages, and contains some four hundred poems, or extracts of poems, by two hundred and forty odd authors. The fact that the Reverend A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., is represented by no fewer than ten titles speaks very honorably for the merit of that gentleman's poetical work, as Mr. Shipley is a critic of recognized authority. We congratulate the St. Joseph's professor on the recognition thus accorded to him."

Orby Shipley, as many of our readers are aware, was one of Cardinal Newman's associates.

Father O'Neill's journalistic ability has been long ago recognized; and it is a well-known fact that he had been selected recently by the Archbishop of Oregon and the Very Rev. Provincial of the Holy Cross in the United States to be the editor-in-chief of a Catholic paper on the Pacific coast.

As a pulpit and platform orator, Father O'Neill has won a foremost place. His ablest platform effort is undoubtedly his lecture on John Boyle O'Reilly, although his welcome to Justin McCarthy at Amherst in 1886 is said to be the most brilliant speech he ever delivered.

Father O'Neill is naturally proud of many of his old students. He has given instruction to many bright men, more than a few of whom have reached high places in Church and State. His Lordship Bishop Casey, His Lordship Bishop C. Reilly, Rev. Father Carney and editor John Boden were among his students in English rhetoric one year.

It has been said that few men are at once thoughtful and active—that the man of deeds dwells in the world around him; the thinker lives within his mind. Father O'Neill is an exception to the rule. He is a lover of nature and of outdoor sports as well as being a book-worm of wonderful energy. He is a philosopher who can dissect a statement with mathematic preciseness, or tell a story that would provoke laughter in anyone warmer than an iceberg. Catholic in every fibre, he does not say things intended to be offensive to non-Catholics, believing that among the latter there are many as anxious to see the light as his own people are to retain it.

The Silver Jubilee of Rev. P. Johannes, C. S. C.

We take the following extracts from the *South Bend Times*, Oct. 14:

In that quarter century, devoted to the work and aims of the great Master, Father Johannes has succeeded in building up a large and important parish. It was in 1882 when the German Catholics of South Bend decided to segregate themselves, forming a new parish, that Reverend Father Johannes was placed in charge. The membership was then forty families, and services were being held jointly with St. Patrick's parish at the old church on West Division street for two years. He took charge in 1882, coming in February to South Bend from Cincinnati, where he was vice-president of St. Joseph's college. The present church property was bought the same year, and the church was built the year following. The first services held there were on Christmas day of 1883. In 1884, the parochial school house was built, a one-story structure. In 1891, it was increased to two stories on account of the demand for increased quarters.

This is the story briefly and simply told of the growth and prosperity of the church, and explains why this jubilee occasion is of so great pleasure to Father Johannes. That he has inspired his parishioners with the devotion to religious duty instilled in himself is evidenced by their interest in church work and its charities. Well is he entitled to all the joy and satisfaction he derives from this celebration. Congratulations have been showered upon him from all sides, from humble and high station, while rich gifts, as remembrances from loving friends, will serve to keep ever in mind this pleasurable occasion, until the time shall have come to celebrate a golden jubilee; and that this may be permitted to be is the hope and trust of those who gain from him their religious teachings, and of those who admire and respect him as a man and priest and who recognize his worth to the community.

Peter Johannes was born September 29, 1855, in Eischen, Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. His studies were made in the parochial schools of his home, and later he attended the college at Luxembourg. He came to America alone when 18 years old, arriving in South Bend, May 12, 1874, and entered Notre Dame University where he completed his education for the priesthood. In 1877 and

1878 he was serving-man for the novitiate at Notre Dame and was ordained October 12, 1878. He sang his first Mass October 14, of that year at St. Joseph's Novitiate. On New Year's Day, 1879, he went to New Orleans, where he was pastor of the Sacred Heart Church until September, 1881. Then his health began to fail and he was compelled to seek the more congenial climate of the North. He was sent to Cincinnati and there remained until called to this city. On his return to South Bend his health began to improve and now his vigorous and robust appearance is in great contrast with his emaciated, worn condition when leaving the fair, but feverish Southland.

Tuesday night societies of the church with other South Bend and Mishawaka Catholic organizations paraded the principal streets headed by bands of music before going to St. Hedwige's school hall, where a program was rendered. Passing Rev. Father Johannes' residence the marchers were reviewed by the pastor and his guests, after which they followed the parade to the school building in carriages.

At 10:30 a. m. this morning Solemn High Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Church, Rev. Peter Johannes acting as celebrant; his brother, Rev. William Johannes, pastor of Sienbenbrunnen, Luxembourg, who has been his guest for a month anticipatory to this jubilee celebration, as assistant priest; Rev. P. J. Franciscus, of Richmond, Wis., as deacon; Rev. V. Czyzewski as subdeacon, and Rev. W. Connor as master of ceremonies.

The sermon delivered by the Very Rev. Father Morrissey of Notre Dame was brief, most touching and a masterpiece of eloquence. Rev. Father Moensch, pastor of Mishawaka, spoke in German. Both were listened to with rapt attention, and in their concluding remarks happily voiced the sentiments of the reverend pastor's many friends that his life thus far so nobly spent might be continued in and crowned with the blessings of God.

His First Mass.

On Sunday, Sept. 20, at Osceola, Ont., was witnessed a ceremony which for its impressiveness and beauty will long live in the hearts of the Catholic congregation of St. Pius' Church of that place. On the above date Rev. Andrew Sammon, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University, Indiana, celebrated his first Mass there—an event made doubly dear by the fact that Father Sammon is the first of the young men of Osceola to be raised to

the dignity of the priesthood. It was but fitting that on such an occasion Osceola should take on its most festive garb, and its priest and people should rejoice in the great honor that had been done them.

Some years ago this young man, filled with bright hopes, started out to begin life's battles amid the din and turmoil of city life as a journalist. Success soon came to crown his efforts in the field of Western journalism; but God's plans were not to be defeated. In the midst of the noise and excitement of journalistic life "the still, small voice" made itself heard, and realizing the elusiveness of worldly ambition and the emptiness of success, the young journalist cast aside the world with its brilliant allurements and seductive promises, and entered the Novitiate of the Fathers of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame University. His talent and beautiful religious spirit were soon recognized, and the reward for the immolation of the brilliant life at the altar of God came when, on Friday, Sept. the 18th, he was ordained a priest by Right Rev. A. A. Curtis, D. D., in the chapel of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

In recognition of the esteem in which Father Sammon is held by his superiors at Notre Dame and at Washington, he was permitted to return to the home of his childhood where in the presence of his aged mother, brothers and sisters and the friends of his boyhood he celebrated his first Mass.

The sermon of the day was preached by Father Cavanaugh, one of the faculty of Notre Dame University, under whom Father Sammon pursued his studies. It was a masterpiece of oratory, replete with deeply Catholic sentiment, at once instructive and beautiful and clothed in exquisite language, as might be expected of a member of that far-famed institution whose place among the universities of America is second to none.

Reverend Father Sammon preached his first sermon at Osceola last Sunday, Sept. 27. After Mass the congregation, represented by B. Reynolds, M. Donovan and J. Sheedy, presented Father Sammon with a very generous purse, expressing at the same time the wishes of all for his future welfare, to which Father Sammon replied in his happy, fluent style.—*The New Record (Toronto)*.

Father Sammon was a member of the class of 1900. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him a long, useful life in the service of the Church.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 28; LAKE FOREST, O.

Last Saturday's game was a vast improvement over the one with M. A. C., and if the men continue to improve as much during the future as they did during the past few weeks, we may still hope for a very successful season. Lake Forest presented a very stubborn defense which tested our offense to the utmost. In the first half, this offense was very weak, owing, no doubt, to the frequency with which our men were penalized, but in the second half the change was remarkable. Our fellows played with more vim and dash than

has been evident at any other time this season. The team work, too, and the general all-around offensive work was far better, and as a result, a much larger score was piled up than had been expected. The visitors played a brilliant defensive game stubbornly contesting every inch of ground, but towards the end of the game, the continual pounding of our backs on their line weakened them and made gains comparatively easy. Captain Salmon, Shaughnessy, McGlew, Lonergan and Beacom played star ball for Notre Dame, while Black, Charleson and Campbell excelled for Herschberger's colts. Joe Cullinan broke through and blocked a punt in neat style during the second half. Captain Salmon showed a touch of his old-time form in crashing into the line, gaining from eight to ten yards at a clip.

But five points were scored during the first half. The visitors fought hard in this half, and encouraged by the number of penalties given Notre Dame they kept their goal line safe. In the second half, however, Captain Salmon and his men started off with a rush that swept Herschberger's prides off their feet. Four touchdowns were scored.

Notre Dame (28)		Lake Forest (0)
Nyere	L E	Stark
Cullinan	L T	Charleson
Beacom	L G	Henning
Sheehan	C	Chapman
Healy	R G	Bloom
Steiner	R T	Yoemans
Shaughnessy	R E	Milner
McGlew	Q	Campbell
Draper	L H	Black
Lonergan	R H	Jamieson
Salmon	F B	Slusher
Touchdowns—Salmon, 3; Cullinan, Nyere. Goals—Salmon, 3. Time of halves, 20 min. Umpire, Herschberger. Referee, McWeeney.		

Keith of Brownson and Welch of St. Joe did some remarkable running in the open meet last Tuesday. Keith, after running a hard race in the 220 and securing second place, jumped right into the 440 where he set a killing pace up to within a few yards of the tape where he fell exhausted, but pluckily arose and fell across the tape in second place. Welch had practically the same experience in the half mile. He won the quarter in very fast time considering the miserable condition of the track.

Last Thursday was a busy day for the football enthusiasts of the University. Brownson and Mishawaka battled at Springbrook Park, the former winning, 5 to 0. Corby defeated Niles High School at Niles, 11 to 0;

and Carroll tied with Benton at Benton Harbor.

Full account of Minims' Track Meet will appear next issue.

The Annual Open Handicap Meet took place last Tuesday, and was a success despite the many obstacles encountered. A fairly large field of competitors were out, and many good contests occurred, although the track or field was in no shape whatever for good work. Scales of Brownson won the largest number of points.

100-yard Dash—Won by Scales; Bastar, 2d; McCullough, 3d. 11 seconds.

220-yard Dash—Won by Scales; Brennan and Keith tied for 2d. 25 seconds.

440-yard Dash—Won by Welch; Keith, 2d; Parrish, 3d. 57 2-5.

880-yard Dash—Won by Daly; Welch, 2d. 2:12.

Mile Run—Parrish, 1st; Locran, 2d. 5:54.

Shot-Put—Won by Salmon; Beacom, 2d; O'Connor, 3d. 39 feet 5 inches (Actual put, 35 feet).

High Jump—Won by O'Connor; Pryor, 2d; Medley and Scales tied for 3d. 5 feet 5 1/2 (Actual jump, 5 ft. 1/2 in.)

Pole-Vault—Pryor, 1st. Berteling, 2d. Bracken, 3d. 9 feet 6 inches.

Discus Throw—Won by Beacom.

Hammer Throw—Won by McCullough.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Personals.

—The following Reverend gentlemen were among the welcome guests of the University during the past week:—

Father Hugh O'Gara McShane, A. M. '94, LL. D. '95 of Chicago; Fathers Dinnen, Guendling and Houlihan, Lafayette; Father John Guendling, Peru, Ind.; Father P. J. Franciscus, Richwood, Wis.; Father O'Connor.

—The following are the names of those that registered at the University during the week; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Byrne, Lake Forest, Ill.; Mrs. N. and N. J. Grosjuan, Denver, Col.; Mr. Charles Neizer, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Mr. Edward Butler, Jr., and Miss Agnes E. Butler, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Hugh N. Craig, Janesville, Wis.; Mr. E. A. Welch, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Catherine C. Farrell, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Page and the Misses Page, Pittsburg; Mrs. S. H. Rempe, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. Cahill, Peru, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. McNamara, Mrs. E. Carskaddon, Miss Clara Garwood and Mrs. Maude L. Mack, South Bend; Mrs. W. B. Day, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Mahelle Benson, New York City; Mrs. M. C. Wiley, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Thomas H. Van Loon, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Rice, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. Burke, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. McDermott, Chicago; Mr. W. J. McCullough, Davenport, Iowa; Mr. Charles Coffman, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Local Items.

—Gentlemen do not wear their hats in a refectory.

—It would be well for those of the studious turn of mind to remember that the bi-monthly examinations are close at hand. Do not put off reviewing till the last moment; lots of time is always little enough.

—Look at our staff this week. We have still many vacancies, and as soon as students show their fitness the list will be increased. Judging from the talent and capacity of the competitors we may expect a much larger staff.

—The Junior class, under the able management of Mr. Voigt have secured caps and gowns. They appeared for the first time in a body Tuesday, and will, we hope, make up in class-work what they lack in number.

—Those attending morning prayers in Sorin Hall during the past week have noticed, no doubt, many new faces who had hitherto remained away from that important service. It is needless to say that the demerit roll increased considerably during their absence.

—In an essay on "Monastic Orders in the United States," John Talbot Smith mentions the University of Notre Dame as one of the "great successes" of religious orders in this country. Dr. Smith also notes the interesting fact that the marvellous development of our *Alma Mater* has been accomplished "without endowment."

—A revised edition of the University Hymn Book seems to have created a renewed interest in the congregational singing. Father Regan as well as the students themselves are to be congratulated for the success attained in this popular form of devotion. There is no college in the United States where congregational singing is so popular or so successful as at Notre Dame.

—Considerable annoyance has been occasioned of late by the taking of well-known works out of the library. Some of these works have now been out for a prolonged period. If the culprits would please remember that there are other students at Notre Dame who frequent the library, they would perhaps cease their annoying habit, and by so doing would confer a favor on those in charge.

—The gardener and his assistants have been busy removing the huge century plants from the lawn at the University. These plants are to be shipped to the St. Louis' Exposition and transplanted in the immense floral gardens which have just been laid out on the Exposition grounds. While we regret to part with old friends still we can not but congratulate the committee on their selection, as these plants are perfect specimens of their kind.

—The second regular meeting of the Sophomore engineers was held in Sorin Hall Saturday evening. The unfinished business of the previous meeting was taken up. William Draper of Chicago was unanimously elected Vice-President. The physics room in Science Hall was decided upon as the permanent place of meeting. All technical students are cordially invited to attend the lectures on Engineering which will be held under the auspices of the class.

—The St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society held one of its regular meetings last Wednesday evening. Debate: "Resolved, That the United States should establish a system of shipping subsidies." Messrs. J. O'Phelan and T. Welch supported the affirmative, while Messrs. T. Toner and W. F. Robinson upheld the negative. The judges, D. Madden, W. Perce and R. Donavan decided in favor of the affirmative. Orations and declamations followed by R. Tracy, F. Collier and J. McDonnell. Mr. Sullivan amused the society with a few witticisms. Mr. Nicholas Furlong of Sorin Hall made a short address which was warmly received. After the programs for the next two meetings were read the meeting adjourned.

—One of the most enjoyable hits at the seniors' smoker was the speech of "the gentleman from Baltimore." He discoursed on three topics: The Oyster; Woman's Place in a Street Car; and the Eloquence of Silence. He was listened to very closely, and, we believe, understood by those near him, but it was only toward the close of his address that the whole house discovered what a good thing they were missing. At the urgent request of a committee his voice took a louder range rising until at last it resembled the detonation that follows the firing of a thirteen-inch gun. The vibration struck Louis Ackerman in the molar plexus loosening a new skull-capped tooth. Legal proceedings are impending.

—Perhaps at no time during the school year outside of graduation week, were there as many visitors on the university grounds as on Sunday. The most excellent fall weather and the feeling that another fine day might not be given them brought many out from South Bend. The facilities offered by the Niles car increased this number. From the crowd of parishioners at High Mass one would think it was an Easter Sunday: among these, however, were many who had come to visit with the students; and throughout the day little groups could be seen walking around the campus. The church, the Main Building, the library, are the places of interest most frequently visited; while some few under the direction of a student guide were seen in the Halls of Sorin, Washington Hall, Science Hall and the Gym. The grotto, too, attracts many, and those who have time take the beautiful walk around the lake.